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H. H. WORTHINGTON, Editor.

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POETRY.

NORA'S VOW.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Hear what the Highland Nora said:

"The Earl's son I will not wed,

Should all the race of nature die,

And none be left but he and I.

For all the gold, for all the gear,

And all the lands both far and near,

That ever valor lost or won,

I would not wed the Earl's son."

"A maiden's vows, (old Cullin spoke),

Are lightly made and lightly broke;

The heather on the mountain height

Begins to bloom in purple light;

The frost-wind soon shall sweep away

That lustre deep from glen and brae;

Yea Nora, ere its bloom be gone,

May lightly wed the Earl's son."

"The swan," she said, "the lake's clear breast

May barter for the eagle's nest;

The Ave's fierce stream may backward turn,

Ben Cromchan fall, and crash Kilchurn.

Our kilted clans, when blood is high,

Before their foes may turn and fly;

But I, were all these marvels done,

Would never wed the Earl's son."

Still in the water-lily's shade

Her wonted nest the wild swan made,

Ben Cromchan stands as fast as ever,

Still downward flows the Ave's fierce river,

To smite the clash of foeman's steel;

No Highland brogue has turn'd the heel;

But Nora's heart is lost and won,

—She's wedded to the Earl's son!

LET ME REST.

He does well who does his best;

Is he weary? let him rest.

Bothers? I have done my best,

I am weary—let me rest.

After toiling out in vain,

After toiling long to gain,

Little good with nicker pin;

Let me rest—let me lie low;

Where the hedge-side roses blow;

Where the little daisies grow;

Where the winds a Maying go;

Where the foot path rustic plod;

Where the breeze bowed poplars nod;

Where the old woods worship God;

Where his pencil paints the sod;

Where the wedded thistle sings;

Where the young bird tries his wings;

Where the waiting plover sings,

Near the run of a rusky spring.

A PARODY.

'Tis the last cake of summer,

Left standing alone,

All its light brown companions

Are buttered and gone.

No cake of its kindred,

No cookie is nigh,

To steam on the platter,

Or near its mate lie.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,

To meet a cold fate,

Since thy mates are all eaten,

Come lie on my plate!

Thus kindly I'll butter,

Thy steaming sides o'er,

And think on thy sweetness,

When thou art no more.

Thus all cakes must follow,

Three times every day,

When breakfast is ready,

They vanish away.

When hunger is mighty,

And sickness has flown,

No cake can inhibit

The table alone.

RECEPTION OF THE MEXICAN MINISTER.

At Washington, on Saturday last, Senator Don Manuel Larrainzar presented his credentials to the President, and was received as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the Mexican Republic in this Government. He made the following remarks on this occasion:

Most Excellent Sir: I have been intrusted with the honorable mission of representing Mexico near the Government of this Republic. The appointment of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, which has been conferred upon me, affords me the distinguished honor of being the interpreter of the sentiments by which she is actuated and of expressing my own to the worthy Chief Magistrate, who at present presides over the destinies of this great nation. All this will be found in the credentials which I have this day the pleasing satisfaction to present.

The relations between the two Republics are of the highest importance. The Mexican Government is desirous to cultivate friendship and good understanding, so that those relations may be sustained and happily preserved unaltered. Its most earnest wishes are for the maintenance of peace, which should ever exist between them, and to avoid all occasions tending to disturb that peace, or drive it from the path which, for their own common interest, should never be forsaken by either, in order that cordial agreement or happy concurrence may engender unity between two nations, which, inhaling the same spirit, and with so many of the elements of life and prosperity around them, ought each to be employed by such means as a just and enlightened policy can put into practice in securing the welfare and moral perfection of its own citizens and the material progress of the country.

I flatter myself that nothing will occur to alter or diminish these sentiments of mutual good will and consideration, and that, both nations being guided by them and by the principles of justice, whatever obligations may spring up on either side, or may have been contracted between them, will be fulfilled to the letter.

"My aims and all my efforts will be so directed that the interests of Mexico, which I am called upon to uphold, may always be reconciled and in harmony with those of this great and enlightened nation, and that during my mission I may rely upon the kindness and esteem of your Excellency, whose noble qualities are known everywhere, and duly appreciated."

To which the President replied as follows:

"I am happy, sir, to welcome you as the representative of a continent Republic. There is certainly no reason why the utmost harmony and good feeling should not prevail between Mexico and the United States. The increasing intercourse between them is mutually beneficial, and every effort compatible with justice and national honor should be made amicably to adjust pending differences. Unhappily some such have arisen, but I cordially unite with you in expressing the hope that all obligations on either side will be faithfully fulfilled. This in my opinion, would be the only course which would comport with the honor and dignity of two Republics whose territories occupy so large a space on the North American continent."

"I pray that the Supreme Ruler of the universe may so direct the councils of both nations as to induce each to tender equal and exact justice to the other, and that you may be instrumental in accomplishing this desirable result, towards which I promise you my cordial co-operation. In conclusion, permit me to assure you that during your residence among us you may depend upon receiving every consideration and courtesy from this government which is due to the representative of a sister Republic."

ITALY.—The Austrian is ruling fair Italy with an iron rule. The troops are insulting and rigorous, the people sullen and discontented, and the country in a sad condition—all of which is but the legitimate fruit of despotism. Recently an Austrian guard was passing along the streets at Florence, an Italian accidentally spit close to the officer in command, when the latter arrested the Italian, and made each of his men spit in his face. A Vienna letter dated April 16th, says—

"A young man, the son of the president of some judicial court, who was walking in the outskirts of the town, and reading, accidentally ran against an Austrian captain. The latter employed some offensive epithets, which were returned with interest by the hot-blooded Italian. The end of the matter was that the man in uniform had the civilian arrested, and 25 blows were inflicted upon him in Austrian military fashion. It is said that the commander of the corps in Tuscany was so offended at the behavior of his subaltern, that the latter was removed from Florence. A day or two after the Italian had been dragged, an Austrian officer was severely wounded as he was returning home after dark. It is the opinion of my informant that things cannot possibly remain as they now are in Italy for any length of time. The Austrian officers deny that they should like to drive the Italians into the sea, and the Italians row that if they had the power they would put every one of their oppressors to the sword."

GOOD THINGS FROM THE KNICKERBOCKER.—The following funny things are taken from the Knickerbocker Magazine for May:

COMPARING BEAUTY.—In the Eastern part of Delaware county, in this State, there resides a man named B—, now Justice of the Peace, and a very amiable man, but, by common consent, the ugliest looking individual in the whole country; being long, gaunt, sallow and awry, with a gait like a kangaroo. One day he was out hunting, and on one of the mountain roads he met a man on foot and alone, who was longer gaunter, uglier, by all odds, than himself. He could give the "Square" fifty and beat him. Without saying a word, B—, raised the gun and deliberately leveled it at the stranger. "For God's sake don't shoot!" shouted the man in great alarm. "Stranger," replied B—, "I swore ten years ago, that if I ever met a man uglier than I was, I'd shoot him, and you are the first one I've seen." The stranger, after taking a careful survey of his "rival," replied: "Well, captain, if I look worse than you do, shoot, I don't want to live any longer!"

An Irishman being accused of stealing a wagon, where it had been his property ever since it was a wheelbarrow.

THE 37th CHAPTER 2d CHRONICLES.

The following rather spicy "Chapter of Chronicles," we find in a late number of the Louisville Democrat. Our readers will recognize in the "Young Man" the present Speaker of the House of Representatives. The article will be more particularly appreciated, by those having a knowledge of the parties.

THE 37th CHAPTER 2d CHRONICLES.
The Civil War in the 8th Month of the Year 1851, in the County that is called Scott, Ia.

1. And it came to pass in those days that the people were divided in two great parties, and each party gave to themselves a name of distinction such as pleased them.

2. And the one party gave themselves the name whigs, and the other party gave themselves the name democrats.

3. Now, it came to pass that the rulers, were to be chosen from among the people, to assemble among the councils of the nation; and the democrats chose a young man of sprightly appearance, eloquence in speech and accomplished in manners—the only son of a distinguished man of his party.

4. And it came to pass the whigs were greatly troubled, and said one to another, what shall we do to defeat this young man? And the wisest of their party assembled together, and counsel with each other what they should do.

5. And Thomas rose up from among them and said, Ye whigs of Scott hearden into me; we have but one man in our ranks that can stand this young man, and I know that he is able to defeat him. And they all looked one upon another, saying, Who can this man be? And this saying pleased the whigs well.

7. And they called Aaron the priest unto them and said unto him, Hail! thou highly favored of the whigs; and gave him his charge, saying, You are now chosen by this great multitude to a work that will fix your station high in life; honor and profit await you. Now, go you among the people, and say unto them that "I have been chosen and sent unto you in honor of the great whig party, to represent you in the councils of the nation;" and say unto them, "I know that you are a people greatly oppressed, and I feel your oppression; your taxes and other things are likely to oppress you sore;" and, per-adventure, some democrat will hear you and give you his support.

8. So Aaron the priest took their counsel and journeyed forth among the people, stopping at every house without distinction of party, and saying, I want to be one in the councils of this great nation; I have seen you afflicted, I have heard your groanings, and I want to go and deliver you.

9. But this all seemed an idle tale to the people, and they would say, one to another, His priesthood would be better received at home. And he dared not for these sayings, but passed on, claiming the votes of the people.

10. And it came to pass, on the fourth day of the eighth month, (August,) that all the people assembled together, even the two great parties and the young man and Aaron the priest were among the people, for the purpose of choosing one ruler for this great multitude; and they were divided, some for the young man and some for Aaron the priest.

11. So at noonday the whigs, seeing the young man getting votes to the end, the priest was neglected. The whigs then assembled together in small parcels, saying one to another, I greatly fear our priest is lost; nevertheless, we will do all that we can.

12. And Thomas said, I know the whigs have not assembled, and now I will leave James and William, John and Michael, Nelson and Thomas as, the less among the multitude, and I will depart into the country in quest of more voters. And so he rose and mounted his beast, journeying forth into the country, seeking to find more voters, for Aaron the priest was greatly in danger of losing the station promised him by the whigs.

13. So as Thomas journeyed forth, he came near where Samuel was deeply deposited in the bowels of the earth; and he cried, with a loud voice, Samuel, come forth! and immediately he arose and followed him; and Thomas said unto Samuel, Our priest is in danger of being set at naught by the people; our craft is in danger, arise, I pray thee, mount one of my beasts, and come up to the help of the whigs against the mighty.

14. And Samuel immediately mounted the least, and they went their way, journeying towards Vienna. And as they journeyed forth, Thomas said unto Samuel, Go straightway to Vienna; salute no man by the way; turn not to the right nor to the left, for there are many lying in wait to deceive, and they will many "tho he is" and "tho there is" go not after them, for they will surely turn away your heart, as they did in the days of Monroe, your kinsman. But go straightway into the city, and at a window you will see a man in apron standing, bearing in his hand a quantity of tickets; he will tell you in that hour what you shall do; hear you him?

15. And Samuel went forth as commanded, and as he came to the city, the multitude came running together greatly wondering, crying in every corner of the city, The Witch of Endor has raised Samuel; and fear fell on all that place, so that there was silence for the space of half an hour.

16. And as Samuel came up, the multitude supposed that he had been dead about four days; but he obtained his ticket and deposited it in the ticket box for the priest, and went his way.

17. So when the tickets were all counted it was found that the young man was chosen ruler of the people by a large majority. So then the priest and his party assembled together and mourned, saying one to another, Vice is taken for virtue, and I wish for mischief sadness; so they all departed and went their way.

In 31 the whigs of Scott They threatened much but did it not; They said that Aaron Burr should beat Our English boy and him defeat.

What was the word when it was tried, Altho' the priest was cut and dried;

A son-in-law of Aaron the priest, He was Aggag a well.

The polls were closed, the votes did say About his home the priest should stay.

A mourning time among the whigs,

They sang no songs nor danced no jigs;

But took their beds in sad surprise,

And feared they never more would rise.

REAL LIFE—A HIT AT HUSBANDS.

The following is one of the best things that we have met with for a long time. We fear moreover that it contains more truth than poetry, although, of course, there are experience in the matrimonial line, and while this sketch is true to the life in many particulars, it is quite possible that the other side would furnish a very amusing and instructive picture.—*Alb. Exp.*

MYSTERY ON MATHOMONY.—Now girls, said Aunt Hetty, put down your embroidery and worked work, do something sensible and stop building air castles, and talking about lovers and honeymoon; it makes me sick; it's perfectly antipathetic. Love is a farce—a matrimony is a humbug; husbands are domestic Napoleons, Neroses, Alexanders, aching for other hearts to conquer after they are sure of yours. The honeymoon is as short lived as a Lucifer match after that you may wear your wedding dress at the wash tub, and your night cap to meeting, and your husband wouldn't know it. You may pick up your own pocket handkerchief, help yourself to a chair, and split your gown across the back reaching over the table to get a piece of butter, while he is eating his breakfast as if it was the last meal he should eat in this world; when he gets through he will stir your digestion, (while you are sipping your first cup of coffee,) by inquiring what you'll have for dinner, whether the cold lamb was all eat yesterday; if the charcoal is out, and what you gave for the last green tea you bought.

Then he gets up from the table lights his cigar with the last evening's paper that you have not had a chance to read; gives two or three whiffs of smoke, sure to give you a headache for the afternoon, and just as his coat tail is vanishing through the door, apologizes for not doing "that errand" for you yesterday—think it doubtful if he can do so—"so pressed with business." Hear of him at 11 o'clock, taking an ice cream with some ladies at Vinton's while you are at home new lining his coat sleeves. Children by the ears all day, can't get out to take the air, feel as crazy as a fly in a drum, husband comes home at night, nods a "how d'ye do Fan," boxes Charles's ears, stands little Fanny in the corner, puts his feet over the grate, shutting out all the fire, while the baby's little pug nose grows blue with the cold; reads the newspapers all to himself, solaces his inner man with a hot cup of tea, and just as you are laboring under the hallucination that he will ask you to take a mouthful of fresh air with him, he puts on his dressing gown and slippers, and begins to reckon up the family expenses after which he lies down on the sofa, and you keep time with your needle, while he snores till 9 o'clock.

Next morning ask him to leave you "a little money," he looks at you as if to be sure that you are in your right mind, draws a sign long enough to inflate a pair of bellows, and asks you "what you want with it, and if a half dollar won't do." "Gracious kind!" as if those little shoes, and stockings, could be bought for half a dollar! But that's the way with "em, girls, and you'll find it out when you get husbands."

THE WHIGS AND THE COMPROMISE.—Another illustration is offered as to the support the whig party will give to the compromise measures by the late caucus action. It is of a piece with the house voting and serves to show their hand. The Scott wing of the party ruled a compromise resolution out of order. The same wing will do the same thing elsewhere; for they mean to make use of slavery agitation to elect their candidate. This whole story, as to the caucus, is, that about two fifths of the whig delegation of principles. The Seward abolition game is to keep its candidate mum on the question, and use the frank and open declarations of the democratic party and democratic candidates as weapons whereby to beat them down at the north.

Now how is this sort of game going down even here at the north? How will those whigs act who regard these compromise measures as necessary for the good of the country? Will they fall into the arrangement? Is this two faced game, if we understood it right, precisely such a game as the imbecile toy administration of England are now playing to receive their sanction? Sink or swim, we believe the democratic party will not dodge the issue. It is not their custom to dodge issues. Will then, the anti-abolition part of the whigs go with them? Here is a sign from the Journal of Commerce in New York.

"For ourselves, we will never vote for, but will earnestly oppose any man for the presidency, be he whig or democrat, who is afraid or ashamed to avow himself distinctly, over his own signature, in favor of those healing measures, as a final settlement of the questions which have so long disturbed the peace of the country, and endangered its vital interests."

Boston Statesman.

BARNEY AND SARTIGES.—The Washington correspondent of the New York Herald gives the following plausible account of the cause of the trouble between Barney and the French ambassador:

"Mr. John Barney is a very handsome gentleman, and he consequently is a great favorite with the ladies. His conversation is of such a charming character that he always pleases when he makes the attempt. M. Sartiges is also a very handsome man; indeed, I happen to know that his identity and Mr. Barney's have been mistaken upon more than one occasion. M. Sartiges came to this country heralded as an acknowledged lady killer. Who can wonder, then, that in such a sphere as Washington, these rival Adonises should disagree? Since the days of Helen—if not of Adam himself—the gentler sex have always been the cause of all mischief; and if the United States and France should go to war in consequence of the disagreement of Mr. Barney and M. Sartiges, it will not be the first war chargeable to a petticoat."

The essential characteristics of human nature are the same everywhere and in all ages.

TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

MR. EDITOR:

The following act for the suppression of the liquor traffic, is said to have been passed at the last session of the Legislature of this State. Such being the law on the subject, the sober and innocent may now console themselves that the annoyance heretofore produced by Drunkenness will, in a short time, be driven away from their firesides, into its own incarceration. And when retail shops are prevented, we hope our wise Legislators will devise and enact a law for closing up the traffic carried on by dry good merchants, and whole sale grocery dealers. It is looked upon, generally, as an insignificant business, and a dishonorable occupation, to deal out liquor by the glass. And we think it is truly so. What is the whole sale business but a multifarious form of the retail operation? Can the sale of a barrel divert a man of the responsibility and ignominy attached to him who sells a half pint of ardent spirits? If there be shame in the sale of one glass, and there are a hundred glasses in a barrel, the heinousness of the matter is increased a hundred fold.

AN ACT

Entitled an act to regulate the Granting of Licenses to Retail Vinous and Spirituous Liquors in this State.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the Legislature of the State of Mississippi, That it shall not be lawful for the Board of Police of any county in this State, to grant a license to retail vinous or spirituous liquors to any person, unless the person applying for the same shall first provide a petition for the issuance of such license, signed by a majority of the heads of families resident within five miles of the place where such liquors are to be sold; and if such liquors are to be sold within the limits of an incorporated town, then by a majority of the heads of families resident therein.

Sec. 2. Be it further enacted, That for all county license to retail vinous or spirituous liquors in said county, not within three miles of an incorporated town, there shall be required a sum not less than one hundred dollars; and for all license to retail as aforesaid in an incorporated town, or within three miles thereof, in said county, there shall be required a sum not less than three hundred dollars; and all sums accruing under this act for license, and for fines or forfeitures, for a violation thereof, in any incorporated institution of learning that may be situated there, for the use and benefit of such institution; and if in any such town, there be no such institution, then said sums accruing therein shall be paid to the treasurer of each county, for common school purposes.

Sec. 3. Be it further enacted, That any license issued under the provisions of this act, may be revoked by said Board of Police, on a written application, signed by a majority of the resident heads of families within five miles of the place where vinous or spirituous liquors are sold, by virtue thereof, or by a majority of the resident heads of families in any incorporated town, as the case may be; Provided, That a proportionate part of the money paid for such license shall be refunded on such revocation; And provided further, that nothing in this act shall be construed to prohibit the sale of such liquors from drug stores, for medical purposes.

Sec. 4. Be it further enacted, That if any person shall violate the provision of this act, by retailing vinous or spirituous liquors, without a license granted according to the same or after the revocation of such license, he, she or they, upon conviction, shall be liable to all the pains, penalties and forfeitures prescribed by the act, approved February 9, 1839, for the suppression of tipping houses; and all of said act, not inconsistent with this act, is hereby revived and declared to be in full force.

Sec. 5. Be it further enacted, That this act shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage.

ANOTHER RUN MURDER.—Two men had a quarrel at a grocery in New York—one beat the other in a most horrible manner—death ensued. Verdict of the coroner's jury came to his death by delirium tremens, produced by a loss of blood consequent on a severe beating at the hand of Samuel Kane. The grocery keeper was the principal witness. No drunkenness in the case—only delirium tremens. We might fill columns with cases of this kind. It might be headed "Alcohol Murder Department." This, we suppose, makes the eleventh case of murder that will come before the New York city courts at the next term. No need of the Maine Law!

Temp. Journal.

ROLL UP THE BATTLE.—It will be seen from this item that Michigan is waking up!

A General Mass Convention has been called to meet in Detroit, Mich., the 7th of May next, to adopt measures to secure the enactment in that State, of a law similar to the Maine Anti-Liquor law. We expect to hear good tidings from that quarter soon.

New Brunswick has passed a law prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors—excepting porter, ale and cider. Better to have included all.

RHODE ISLAND.—The Maine Liquor Law, recently passed by the Legislature of Rhode Island, takes effect on the 1st of July next. "The Fourth," will therefore be observed in that State as it ought to be, soberly and discreetly, befitting a wise, free and intelligent people.

The death of John Howard Payne, U. States Consul at Tunis, is announced. Mr. Payne was the author of the popular song, "Home, Sweet Home," besides several dramatic pieces and poems of merit. He had the misfortune, it will be remembered, to fall into the hands of the Georgia Guard in 1836, being then on a visit to John Rhea, the Chief of the Cherokee, in search of the Indian tribes, for a work which he was then preparing. He was a gentleman of superior attainments.—*Savannah News.*

ENGLAND AND IRELAND.—The defeat in the House of Commons, of Sharnham Crawford's tenant-right bill for Ireland, by a vote of 167 to 57, shows that the tenant farmers of that ill governed country need entertain no hope of obtaining any reasonable relief from the tyranny and extortion of the landlords. Indeed, until the whole system of representation in the British Parliament is revolutionized, the tithing population of Ireland will in vain appeal to that body for the legal recognition of their rights. What such a revolution will take place in the lifetime of the present generation, that is very doubtful. With all the boasted elasticity of English institutions, it is becoming every day more evident that while the moneyed classes are stretching up to aristocracy, aristocracy is growing less disposed to bow down to the people.

In the English Militia scheme of the present day, military men can discover the attempt to organize a force to sustain monarchy and aristocracy against the people, who are yearly growing more intelligent and more liberal in their sentiments. An Irish militia or yeomanry the Government dare not raise. The memory of the old Irish volunteers and their acts still causes a dread of discipline and putting arms in the hands of paucity Irishmen. But England militia, officered exclusively by the landed gentry of the country, can always be depended upon to put down popular dissatisfaction, while Ireland will continue to be garrisoned by the unemployed forces of the regular army. No wonder that English liberals wage a fierce warfare against Lord Derby's militia scheme, and that English aristocrats, both whig and tory, are earnestly supporting it.

If English legislation proceeds for a few years in its present anti-popular course, the emigration from both islands of the active, industrious classes will be greater than it has yet been. The effect upon the national power of England will be made most apparent; and the policy which her rulers are pursuing to increase their strength will become the source of the nation's weakness.—*New York Star.*

THREE MILLIONAIRES.—A New Orleans paper thus dapperly types the moral character of three phreologically rich men who have died lately in that city. The writer is not over nice or squeamish in the use of words, of some of the most vinegarish of which he has a perfect command:—

John McDonough, whose enormous wealth is the subject of half a dozen lavas, was a man of two desires—motility and accumulation. These he pursued through a long, ungainly, and fruitless life, and at last bequeathed the enormous funds of seventy years of parsimony and cunning to communities that never will moisten his grave with a tear. Joseph Fowler, another New Orleans Croesus, who died not long ago, is described as a cold, selfish, cynical, vulgar man without a scintilla of soul, who lived for himself alone, thinking neither of his suffering kindred in the world, nor of God and eternity. He died the slave of the alms-houses, without having had the courage to make a will. Cornelius Pennington, another millionaire, who gave up the ghost soon after McDonough's death, was somewhat shaken by the comments of the press upon that inveterate old screw, and, in token of leaving his hoards to missionary societies and churches, bequeathed them to his poor relatives, and made a generous donation to the orphan asylum and the public schools. If riches were capable of petrifying all hearts as they seem to have hardened those of McDonough and Fowler, we should say, God be thanked for poverty!

ARREST OF A FUGITIVE SLAVE AT HARRISBUR